

# THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

VOL. XXXV, No. 5.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1944

SIX PAGES

# Golden Bears Defeat Saskatchewan, 33-0

## Undergrads Go to Polls; Campaign Interest High

### FEW ACCLAMATIONS, 31 CANDIDATES

Nominations for officers of the Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes took place on Monday, and the list is now in the capable hands of Bud Eggenberger, Secretary of the S.U., awaiting election. The interest shown this year is very encouraging, and is a great improvement over last year's lack of enthusiasm, according to Secretary Eggenberger. Just an indication: last year there were 18 acclamations, this year there are three. The class officers have the job of putting on the class dance for the year; and in addition, reserve precious space in the Evergreen and Gold for class notes and activities. So they are fairly important people. For the elections on Thursday, fifteen or twenty returning officers have volunteered to count ballots, so the results should be out in this edition.

In case you haven't noticed the list on the bulletin board in the Arts rotunda, here are the official nominations:

#### Senior Class

President: Ron Quigley, Duncan McCracken.

Vice-President: Alice Stewart-Irvine (acclamation).

Sec. Treas.: James Murphy, Gweneth Jones, J. Nicholls.

Executive: Warren Doze, R. Robertson, Bea Grant, J. Longworth, Mavis Malabone, Hazel Bratfud (three to be elected).

#### Junior Class

President: Ron Helmer, John Penner.

Vice-President: D. R. Love, Marion McNeill.

Sec. Treas.: Al Spence (acclamation).

Executive: Don Graves, E. Cudby, Stan Deakin, Bill Archer, John Lipski, John Stefaniuk.

#### Sophomore Class

President: Murray Stewart, Neil Duncan.

Vice-President: Marg Hunter (acclamation).

Sec. Treas.: Harold Shannon, Morris Jorre de St. Jorre, Len Maher.

Executive: Brent Scott, Will Ryan, Gordon Proctor, E. McCoy, D. R. Coulter, A. McLean.

Voting will take place on Thursday, Oct. 26, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., in the Arts Common Room. The executive of the Union is confident that upperclassmen and women will do their best to cast their ballots and make this election a worthy forerunner of the year's activities.

## Wauneita Dance Fall Highlight

"Ugh! Ugh! Big pow-wow heap success. Many peoples. Much dancing. Handsome braves. A little fire-water. Heap fun. After many moons maybe Great Spirit send another Wauneita, and Red Feather can go on warpath again."

So this writer overheard a little squaw talking as she hung up her headdress and kicked off her moccasins after the Wauneita last Monday night.

The music, the floor and the crowd couldn't be better. Every kind of jive was provided, but just to vary things a little and get off the warpath and some of those old Indian classic numbers like the Cree Crawl and the Wampum Wiggle, etc., a Conga line and two spot dances were thrown in. The winners of these minor concessions to modernity and civilization were Ann Miller and Teddy Marfleet, and Eunice Chesney and George King, R.C.N.V.R.

Yes, it was fun. All credit should be given to the Wauneita executive: Muriel Macdonald, Pat Robertson, Betty King, Sylvia Calloway, Margaret Hunter and Mary Spencer.

Special thanks should go to Glen Cummins, who designed the cover of those tricky little programs.

Receiving were Miss Winspear, Dean of Women, Miss Patrick and Muriel Macdonald. Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Smith, who were to have been present, were unable to attend.

The Wauneita executive wishes to extend its deepest regrets and sympathy for those who were unable to secure tickets, but the Barn will only hold so many people. Anyway —there's always next year!

## National Students' Council Proposed at Edmonton Conference

Last February the Western Canadian Universities met, under a plan proposed and conducted by the University of Alberta, called the Western Canadian University Conference. At this time it was proposed by the University of British Columbia that a permanent conference body be extended into a National student organization.

Correspondence passing this summer between President Bob Ellis of Saskatchewan and other universities of Canada indicate that the proposed national student organization has been generally accepted. This new council was proposed as a means by which university students could express themselves freely, and would also assist in solving the problems of the veteran university student.

The universities are divided into two definite opinions on the matter.

1. The Universities of McGill and Toronto advocated the reorganization of the old National Federation of Canadian University Students. This Federation dissolved with the fall of organized liberal expression in university circles in 1939. It was an organization which, much like the C.U.P., met once a year at Montreal or Toronto to thresh out student problems and to confer on further points of policy.

2. The formation of a new representative national students' council in which the Canadian universities be zoned into different areas—Western, Eastern, Ontario, Quebec and so on—and that each zone should in part conduct themselves as separate entities, with each sending its representatives to the annual conference of the national body. The agenda of each would be sent to the permanent staff of the national body, and form the basis of concerted national action.

#### Western Proposal

The constitution of the University Conference as taken from the proposal put forward in the 1944 Edmonton Conference included the following:

1. That an organization known as the Dominion Conference of University Students be established among the universities of Western Canada.

2. That this conference be considered the first general meeting of such an organization.

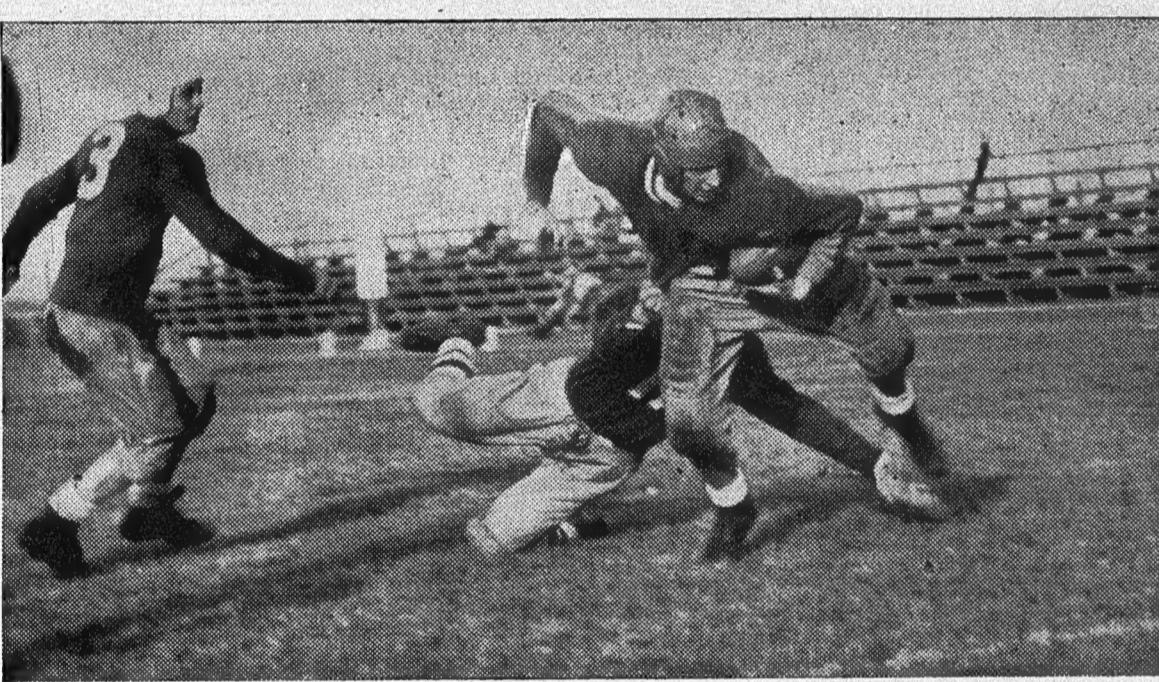
#### MATH AND PHYSICS CLUB

The Math and Physics Club will hold its first meeting on Wednesday, November 1, in Arts 111, at 7:30 p.m. Professor E. S. Keeping will speak on "Queer Functions." All who are interested are cordially invited to attend.

#### LOST

Leroy Wrist Watch, gold case with lettering. Lost on grid at first Pep Rally. Return to Gateway. J. L. Grant.

## OTTEM CHARGES OVER LINE AS BEARS WHIP HUSKIES



The above picture shows Mel Ottem of the Golden Bears going over the Saskatchewan Huskies' goal-line for his second touchdown of the day. Chuck Lockwood, quarterback of the Huskies, is seen on the left, arriving too late to stop the left-end touchdown play. Bill Onysko, Huskie backfielder, has made a great attempt to stop Ottem, but is being lugged over the line by the Bear ball-carrier, who, incidentally, played with the Huskies in their last appearance here.

## Outdoor Club to Hold Hayride

### Friday is the Big Night

Not being used to keeping things under cover, the Outdoor Club has decided to let you know just what you are in for if you come to the hay-ride Friday night.

You will arrive at Tuck at 8:00, where there will be, we hope, three hay racks with a little prickly straw on the bottom. You will plant yourself as firmly as possible on one of these, or failing that, you can run along behind until someone decides to pull you on. The Outdoor Club is very playful, and contains several pairs of fairly brawny arms, so don't be surprised if it throws you onto the road more than once just to show you a good time. After what seems an eternity of jostling and kicking and screaming, and your head is swimming (if you are lucky you will have lapsed into semi-consciousness by this time), a hazy image will come into sight, which looks like the Outdoor Club Cabin. It is. Somebody will have a bonfire lit, you will stagger down the hill, and the entertainment committee, which has never made coffee before, will make you coffee. This you will drink from cracked cups, the whereabouts of whose handles are a mystery, and if you are lucky somebody will bring you a weiner in a rather soggy bun.

Thus sustained, you proceed to the sing-song and other pastimes of various natures, until the first rays of sun streak the horizon, and someone decides to go home. Oh, yes, it will probably be terribly cold, and the Outdoor Club is charging the exorbitant price of 35c admission. Do you still want to come? Don't say we didn't warn you. See you at Tuck.

## S.C.M. Confers This Week-end

### Rev. Ransom Will be Main Speaker

The executive of the Students' Christian Movement have completed

plans for a conference at First Baptist Church this week-end, Oct. 26 and 29. The theme is to be, "The Christian Task in Our Day," and addresses by four prominent churchmen will elaborate on this theme.

Main speaker will be Rev. Malcolm Ransom, Missionary Secretary of the Student Christian Movement in Canada, whose topic will be, "What is Our Place?" He will be heard at 8 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Other theme addresses by Rev. H. D. Stewart, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian, and Rev. W. Nainby, of Holy Trinity, are to feature Saturday afternoon's activities. Rev. Don Read, S.C.M. General Secretary, will be heard Sunday morning at 9:45.

University Opinions

The McGill Daily, when commenting on a letter from the University of British Columbia describing the 1944 Western Conference in which B.C. considered the "sectional grouping" not as worth-while as a national meeting, said that B.C. wanted to revive the old National Federation of Canadian University Students, and that the McGill Students' Council would take the matter up at the next general meeting.

Marcel Tremblay, president of the Association Générale des Étudiants de Laval, Laval University, said: "It is my opinion that such an organization would not only be of great advantage for present day problems, but would also be necessary for an extension of the society of tomorrow. . . . I therefore assure you again that you can depend on my entire collaboration."

And from Richard Bibbs of the University of British Columbia: "I presented your idea of a national student organization to our Students' Council this September. They and our newspaper fully agree with you that such a body should be set up without delay."

Registration begins at 2:15 Saturday. Fee is \$1.00, which will include supper and recreation at the Y. W. C. A. Saturday night. This social evening promises to be a highlight of the weekend, so try to be there.

Much credit for the arrangements for the Conference must be given to Dency McCalla, S.C.M. Vice-President and head of the Conference Committee. For further information regarding the Conference, please consult her or some other member of the executive.

## Cormie's Stooges Listen

### Last Thursday the walls of A151 were supported by swarms of would-be journalists at the first Gateway get-together.

After everyone had confessed his (or her) name and some of the activities he (or she) is carrying on, Cormie took over, and sternly adjured all and sundry to keep the Gateway office neat. To this end several large waste baskets have been purchased, which will be placed in strategic positions. Any trash left littering the desk-tops will be summarily dealt with. (All devotees of the art of sitting on Gateway desks, please take note.)

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## NATIONAL UNIVERSITY COUNCIL

This Friday our President, Alf Harper, will be going to Saskatoon to discuss the proposed plan for a National University Council. As Mr. Harper was one of the official delegates at the Western Canadian University Conference held here last spring, he will be familiar with the general plan as proposed by the University of British Columbia at that time. But the important question is with regard to the form that this proposed council will take. Students at the University of Alberta were largely responsible for proposing and "selling" the idea of a Western Conference of University students, and it was largely through their efforts that the Conference was held. Students from British Columbia immediately took the lead in proposing that the meeting be made a yearly affair, and extended to the eastern universities. However, just when the proposal was being pushed into the background, the president of the Saskatchewan Students' Council, Bob Ellis, became a one-man champion of the idea, and has brought the question before nearly every University in Canada for a decision. Mr. Ellis has also been the champion of the regional council plan.

It is this latter plan in which most students at Alberta have been interested. It was generally felt that the National Federation of Canadian University Students fell with its own weight. It had degenerated into a social meeting of the Council Presidents, and failed to produce anything of a constructive nature. The regional plan, following the Western Canadian University Conference project, enables the western universities to discuss campus questions of mutual interest and also makes an attempt to express student attitudes on contemporary social problems.

As far as Alberta is concerned, it would be to our advantage to develop a strong and useful Western Council to arrange activities among ourselves and develop activities of mutual interest. There is a strong opinion among the students that we should foster mutual activities with the north-western American universities, which are much closer in actual mileage than most of the Canadian universities. Our university is as close to the states of Washington, Oregon, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming and North and South Dakota as it is to Winnipeg. A Western Council would be able to arrange mutual arrangements with these nearby American universities, whereas the one National Council would not have these regional interests, particularly since it would, as before, reflect the predominant eastern representation. Our best interests lie in a strong and active Western Council similar to the Big Four arrangement in Ontario and Quebec and the Big Ten in the Eastern States. Once this is working satisfactorily, then is the time to take an active part in the National Council. Until such time as mutual interests warrant larger representation, one or two delegates representing the Western Council would be able to keep us in contact with the National Council.

## CLASS ELECTIONS

Most upperclass students will recall, with guilty twinges of conscience perhaps, what happened about this time last year during the upperclass elections—as a matter of fact, and to inform all new students, there just weren't

News and Views  
From Other U's

## UNION LUNCH AT QUEEN'S

The lunch rates at the Students' Memorial Cafeteria are cut 5 cents with no reduction in the quantity or quality of the food. The cafeteria services will be limited to 275 for the noonday meal. The students had been asking for cut-rates for a long time, and the students and staff members met to see what could be done.

**EX-VARSITY PROFESSOR CRITICIZES ARTS**  
Arnold S. Nash, former professor of Pol. Ec. at Toronto, asks in the "American Scholar" that the colleges recognize their duty to train their students to make a living. He rejects the theory that regards liberal arts as real education, and dismisses explicit training for the professions as merely vocational education. The study of the humanities should be carried on not as addendum to, but within the context of, and giving meaning to a student's professional studies.

THE "VARSITY" CUTS DOWN PRODUCTION  
DUE TO WAR-TIME COSTS

The Varsity, undergraduate paper of the U. of Toronto, has cut down to a two-page issue for the first time in its history. Besides cutting down on the size, they have made it a bi-weekly.

## IS CAMPUS RELIGION TOO STAID?

Religious messages need more emotional appeal, says John A. Mackay, president of the Princeton Theological Seminary. He said that it was his impression while travelling about in the United States that there seemed to be a revival of interest in religion among universities, and that there were many students and faculty members who crave religious messages they can understand, but there was nobody to provide them. After the war, we expect a tremendous increase in the number of students at university. The church will be prepared to help those amongst these many who will require spiritual aid.

THE VARSITY SAYS MEN ARE SMARTER  
THAN WOMEN

The Varsity's statisticians have studied the class lists of examination results with a view to drawing a conclusion to this argument. This is what they found out. According to the class list of the Faculty of Arts a greater percentage of men succeeded in obtaining a Grade A standing, or First Class Honors. However, it was shown that, on the average, more women passed with the seconds and thirds than did the men. This would go to show that the men tend to obtain the higher marks, but their numbers are few, whereas women tend to obtain standings more near the average of the whole group.

ROUND TABLE GROUP EXPRESS THOUGHTS  
ON CURRENT CANADIAN PROBLEMS

The Dalhousie U. has organized a new student organization, the D.R.T., which will give all students an opportunity to discuss their thoughts on current Canadian problems.

The general area of topics to be discussed in Round Table in the 20 weeks before and after Xmas exams will center around the immediate Canadian problems. The varying religious, economic and diverse racial groups of Canada will be discussed. Canada's place in the world and its relationships with other countries, in the light of our growing importance, will be through. Finally, the place of the citizen in the democratic country, both at the local and national levels, will be discussed. They believe that these subjects will be vital to Canadian democracy, and that without intelligent discussion of them by all citizens we cannot arrive at sane or adequate conclusions. Canada needs the thoughts and opinions of the students—not to mention the thoughts of thinking Canadians.

any elections. If we can trust the old Gateway (and who are we not to?), there were eighteen acclamations. Many cries of disgust were raised, much furore was caused, many remarks were flung around as to whose fault the whole thing was, but, of course, the awful thing had happened and nothing could be done about it. Of course, we all remember the Frosh elections, too—they certainly showed the hoary seniors how it should be done—but that's another story.

So this year, no one wanted to be blamed for any apathy on the part of the students. Realizing that few, if any, students even bother to read the Class Elections Act of the constitution to find out just when nominations for the class elections must be in, both the Students' Council and The Gateway decided that, even if they had to beat people over the head, something would have to be done. Accordingly, on Friday morning a barrage of handbills (courtesy Students' Union) hit the campus, reminding all and sundry that nominations were due on October 23. The Gateway published, in a prominent front-page position, another reminder; and then everyone waited with fingers crossed for Monday noon.

Whether or not these prods had anything to do with it, we are certainly pleased with the results. From eighteen acclamations last year, there are only three this year, and this compares very favorably with other successful class elections. Bud Eggengerger, Secretary of the Union, was wearing a broad smile on Monday afternoon, which may indicate that Council is pleased, too.

We are glad to see that the Frosh week revival of ye old college spirit was not merely a temporary one, and that it is managing to show up in all activities to date. We hope that student apathy is a thing of the past, and that from now on things may get progressively brighter.

Freshmen may wonder when their turn to howl will come. Realizing that four weeks is scarcely enough time for the first year students to become acquainted enough to select an executive, those who drew up the constitution decided to give the new students a couple of weeks extra. So November 15 was set as the date for the completion of Frosh elections. We are sure that the Freshmen will not disappoint us, and that they will continue in the spirit with which they have begun this year.

We wish to take this opportunity of welcoming all students, both new and old, to the University.

THIS DEPARTMENT IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

## THE GATEWAY

## Correspondence

Last week's Orphan carried quite a humorous write-up with regard to the Students' Union office situation. The problem, although written up quite humorously, is actually a serious one. The matter of having our Students' Union offices hidden behind the stage in Convocation Hall is no small problem, also the difficulty of carrying on an intelligent conversation in a single room with a telephone ringing and six other people conversing on various subjects, was not the least bit far-fetched. Another point that was scored was the matter of scouting your way along the devious route to the office, climbing up stairs and then having to stand and wait for goodness knows how long until the door opens, with the alternative of retraversing the stairs and corridors with a feeling of dissatisfaction raging hotly.

Apparently, in spite of numerous requests, nothing can be done about the location of these offices—it's a shame and it's very annoying. You can realize that by making the trip once, but think of the people who have to make it several times a day—they become terribly discouraged.

On the brighter side, however, something has been done about the size of the offices. It has necessitated increasing the distance by a flight of stairs, but we now have two rooms on the next floor. We have also managed to obtain a few extra chairs for those of you who have to wait. It is now possible, when you have a problem to take one of the executive,

to discuss it in private with little or no interruption, and also in retaliation to the aforementioned article, to take a breath quite regularly during the course of the discussion.

The other problem mentioned may also be solved. It will possibly require a little co-operation, but if it is possible to find several girls who are willing to spend an hour or two a week sitting behind one of the desks, we will be well on the way. Trusting that assistance is forthcoming, girls, here is a brief outline of the plan.

Our permanent accountant has regular office hours, but also it is necessary for her to make quite a few trips on Students' Union business; some of this may be curtailed, but a portion of it is necessary. Now, and here's the point, if some assistance is forthcoming we will endeavor to arrange her errands during times when someone is available to take phone messages and note the problems of the people who drop in. Your executive has to take classes, too, you know, and can't be there all the time, but if we can arrange to have someone in the office during business hours, at least there will be no reason for the disappointing trips back stage.

Trusting in your sincere co-operation, and at the same time pledging the co-operation of your executive.

Sincerely,  
ALFRED E. HARPER,  
President of Students' Union.

Dear Jo

By Ken Crockett

Dear Jo:

Last night we attended the court of the Maharajah of Garmpani, a fabulously rich Indian prince who is famous for his harem of eighty beauties drawn from the beauty markets of the four corners of the world. Even the Maharajah does not know how many children he has.

We were met at the gates by a splendid body of mustachioed turbaned giants, turned out to form a guard of honor at the sound of our approaching motor car. Two half-starving tigers, kept in a savage mood by half-starving them all the time, were swishing fiercely back and forth at the end of a short chain, one tiger on each side of the gateway. We solemnly mounted the backs of kneeling elephants to the howdah. The elephants were almost completely hidden under a rich canopy of silks and laces. The ivory tusks were cut off abruptly six inches from the tips, and the blunt ends were now covered with ornate cups of pure gold.

Slowly, solemnly, our procession of guards and elephants waddled up the avenue tunneled through giant spreading banyan trees to the steps of the gleaming white marble palace. There we dismounted and climbed the steps to wade ankle deep through a rich Persian carpet to greet our host, the Maharajah of Garmpani. He was a charming old man, a walking showcase for his sparkling display of precious stones. His spectacles were framed with 24 carat gold, and when he smiled, you caught a glimpse of his dazzling white solid ivory false teeth—the only ones in the world, incidentally.

We kept looking over his shoulder for signs of his harem. He must have read our thoughts, for he smiled and said, "You must come inside." I won't bore you with the details of our wonderful banquet—I have forgotten the names of all the dishes in any event. After three glasses of sparkling heady wine, we all retired to the Maharajah's legendary Durbar Hall. There, lolling on the softest of cushions which were covered with the smoothest of silks, we watched the Maharajah's magician perform. The heavily perfumed air and the heady wine made us feel quite drowsy. Just as we were dozing off to sleep, a dozen half-clad dancing girls came slinking through the doors to the weird strains of Indian music. They

The first meeting of the Inter-varsity Christian Fellowship was held at the Strathcona Presbyterian Church at 4:30 p.m. on Sunday. The meeting opened with an election of officers. A Varsity student, Akkan Dixon, was elected president; Peggy Honeyball was elected vice-president, and Jean Milne secretary.

Following the elections, Mr. Walter Arnold, who has just returned from the Ivory Coast, presented the need and effectiveness of evangelism amongst the cannibal tribes of French West Africa. He gave a vivid description of difficulties encountered in the learning of a native dialect where there is no written language. The theme of his message was centred around the transforming power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the lives of devil-worshipping natives. Tea was served following Mr. Arnold's talk.

S.C.M. Secretary  
To Visit Campus

Newly appointed Missionary Secretary of the Students' Christian Movement of Canada, Rev. Ransom has had wide experience in student movements and conferences, and his visit to Edmonton and our campus is highly looked-forward to.

A native of Montreal, he graduated in 1934 and studied in the Princeton Theological Seminary until 1937. After serving for five years in the ministry in Saskatchewan, he was placed under appointment in China by the General Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

He is now visiting Canadian universities on behalf of the Missionary Committee of the S.C.M. of Canada. He will address the S.C.M. Week-end Conference on Sunday afternoon at First Baptist Church.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

Will the following scholarship winners please call at The Gateway office before Monday noon, October 31st, in order that they may be interviewed:

Joyce Vivienne Perkins,  
Thelma Elizabeth MacKenzie,  
Walter Goresky,  
Ralph Stephen Nixon,  
Gwen Guild,  
Richard William Sherbanuk,  
Ruth Marie Brown,  
Robert Arthur Spencer,  
James Arthur Bryant,  
Ruth Tenner,  
Amy Fong,  
Henry Havegawa.

We have been unable to contact them.

were absolutely bewitching, Jo. I was hypnotized by their heavy eyes, their sensuous lips, their slithering hips. I could not tear my eyes away. One of them, with a skin like the color of golden oozed seductively up to me, coyly placed a hand on my shoulder. Then I heard my bearer's voice "Sahib! Tea, Sahib!" I awoke to find Abdul shaking me rudely into consciousness again.

Well, ta to now, Jo.

KEN.  
P.S.—My new bearer's name is Krishna.  
P.P.S.—India was never like this!

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EVENING SITTINGS BY APPOINTMENT

The future of India will not be smooth no matter what course is adopted. Dominion status, even if not permanent, seems to suggest the least stormy policy.

The Capital, Canberra, is an ultra-modern, planned city; created out of the wilderness in 1927.

Nearly all the trees in Australia hold their leaves the year around.

# Co-ed Parade

## College Graduates at 18

(Condensed from the Christian Science Monitor)

By John R. Tunis

There's a revolution taking place right now in American education: boys and girls of 15 are going to college and graduating with an A.B. degree at 18.

Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, is attempting to prove that between the ages of 15 and 18 youngsters are peculiarly receptive to ideas. He believes that this is the time when ideas germinate, and that it is the period for a liberal education. So President Hutchins takes students from the sophomore year in high school and makes it possible for them to finish their college work three years later.

To those who object that youngsters of 15 are too immature for a college education, sponsors of the plan point out that Thomas Jefferson went to college at 15 and received his A.B. degree at 18, John Hancock was graduated from Harvard at 17 and Samuel Adams at 18. Most of the other founding fathers of this Republic finished their schooling at similarly early ages. In 1832 one-fourth of the freshman class at Harvard were younger than 15 years and six months.

A typical course at Chicago today is one in which the students read the great books of history — Gibbon, Hume, Plutarch, Herodotus and John Stuart Mill, for example. But they don't take notes or memorize dates; instead, they are taught to think about the eternal problems of the race — problems that unfortunately are still with us.

The morning I visited this class the students were outlining the causes of the French Revolution. One youngster mentioned the word "democracy." Immediately the instructor asked him to define the term. These boys and girls had played verbal basketball with that word, but now for the first time they were required to think deeply about it and to interpret their ideas.

President Hutchins believes it is impossible, in these unpredictable times, to train students specifically for an unpredictable future. But they can be trained to think, so that no matter where they find themselves in after life they can face new problems quietly, coolly, and think them through to the end.

Instead of offering a number of courses from which students may take their pick, the University of Chicago provides a system of required courses that must be taken by all. These include the studies that have made men civilized: the physical sciences and philosophy, literature, art and music. In addition, there is a three-year course in writing, because the University believes that as a student learns to think he should also learn how to communicate his knowledge.

Is there really a thorough education? There has been talk lately about college students' ignorance of American history. At Chicago the students meet American history their first year in Humanities. They get it from another angle in Rhetoric, the second year — from Jefferson, Burke, Paine and the Federalist papers. They get it the third year in English Composition, when they read

as models some of the American classics, and from Political Science, which is concerned with problems of freedom in our modern society.

Attendance, after the first year, counts for nothing; the student is judged largely by yearly examinations for which he cannot prepare by merely taking notes or cramming. Answers must come from the student's thinking.

The youngsters are not over-worked. This is not a college course designed solely for the top tenth of the class; these are just normal boys and girls. You realize as you talk to them that we usually underrate our children. Chicago students work hard through the three years without the usual extended summer vacations — if they take vacations the course is four years. The percentage of failure is about 2.5, which is lower than it was before the plan was introduced.

But college is more than work, books and study. Boys and girls at Chicago have the usual extracurricular activities, as well as an extensive program of intramural athletics in which coaches instruct students in games that can be played also in later life.

Students average two hours' daily study out of class, and last year half the graduating class averaged 15 hours of work away from campus each week. In the first year the girls get the best marks. The boys pull along slowly, catch up in the second year and go ahead in the third.

Many parents question the advisability of letting youngsters loose in a big city at 15 or 16 years of age. But in his first year at Chicago the student lives in a small dormitory with a master in the house. He must attend all his classes; there is restriction on his coming and going, and a faculty member oversees his daily work and studies.

Most of the Chicago faculty like this plan because it gives them serious, tough-minded students. It's fun work with intelligent youngsters. Some faculty members are not behind the idea. They find that the curriculum puts a premium on good teaching, which under this system is as hard as working in a coal mine. It isn't merely reading from lecture notes that the instructor made ten years ago and hasn't revised since; it isn't merely correcting exams and awarding marks. It's trying to stimulate young minds to think. Since attendance in the last two years is optional, the class will drift away if a teacher's lectures get dull. (This has actually happened.) Thus the plan quickly shows up a teacher's shortcomings.

Some high schools dislike the plan because their students are taken away before graduation, and the high school's importance is therefore diminished.

Opposition also comes from other quarters. The communists believe that President Hutchins is a fascist who is bent on educating young fascists. The old guard in the colleges see in him a dangerous innovator. Some educators believe the program is bad because it is hurried. But whether or not the world of education likes it, here is a revolution that is already

being felt.

"Change in education," says President Hutchins, "can be obtained only if some institution is prepared to pioneer and take the consequences." Chicago was the father of the junior-college movement, the first to adopt the quarter system, the first to provide educational opportunities for women equally at all levels with men. It is now the first to take students from the second year of high school at 15 and graduate them at 18.

Educators agree that a liberal education is important because it is education for freedom in a free society. Today such an education must be obtained by your boy before he is drafted. This is made possible by the new program.

But if it is possible to give children an education before they are 19 in wartime, why can't it also be done in peace time? Before the war few young professional men could marry before 30. The average age of marriage in Who's Who is from 28 to 30 years. An educational system which forces the postponement of marriage until the age of 30 should be challenged.

The vital point of the Chicago program is that it gives a youngster a liberal education at the age he can best receive it, and that it fits him to be an intelligent citizen.

## Fashionettes

From Famous Fashion Centres

Add Saddle Stitching for that "Handmade" look! If you are making your own dresses, or buying them, try saddle stitching the edge of the collar and cuffs for extra good looks. Easy to do — and the dress looks dollars more. Tailored blouses taken on new glamor with two or three rows of saddle-stitching in different colors.

"Oklahoma" Skirts are a novelty-cowboy effect obtained by means of fringed hem or a deep-fringed sash around the waist. Side-draped skirts also feature fringe down the drapes.

Large Pockets on Belts add zest to a tailored dress. Some are large enough to carry pencils, lipstick, memo pads, etc. The pockets are snapped onto the belt — so you can discard them at will.

Fisherman Hats, the newest millinery craze, with the front brim swept off your face, and the back brim hugging your neck. So what do some smarties contrive? They take their outdated felts that were scooped up at the back and drooped low in the front, wear them backwards, and are right in style!

Young Woman of the World is the college theme this fall. The whole college theme is toward neater, better grooming, for which praise be! Returning soldiers have been known to squawk loud and long when they see their gals with bobby socks, moccasins, and droopy-looking clothing.

Hand-knit Sweaters are just what you want. If you haven't time to make them yourself, drop a hint to Aunt Jane, who just feels lost without some knitting. Tell her that the latest is a belted coat style, with the front of bright corduroy, and the back, sleeves and pocket facings in contrasted colored knit.

Satin Bags and Bows — a satin bag and black satin removable bows on your gloves make a toothsome two-some for fall. Some smart gals are making "slipcovers" of black satin for their old bags, then making a matching satin bow to attach to their ordinary black gloves.

Sleeves Feature a long slim line with tight-fitting wrist on some of the higher fashions — little caps over the shoulders on others — but the elbow-length continues to be most popular, in all price lines.

Corduroy Aprons, edged with lace ruffing (which you can remove for washing), is another tricky way to make an old dress look new, when you walk into your classes. Corduroy in all the bright colors is extremely important in the school and college wardrobe. As jackets, skirts, slacks and vests, it's tops. Now they're making it up into bathrobes, too.

Sparkling Light for nights is provided by means of a draped hood, studded with sequins or rhinestones, then the matching gloves are either studded all over, or cuffed, with the glittering beads.

Necklines continue to be "bare,"

with a new keyhole neckline that is particularly flattering to either thin or plump necks.

To get the idea, look at any old-fashioned keyhole,

the low, squared centre comes up into two small flaps either side of the throat. Very new and smart.

Suitable Scarves are a never-ending source of change — and a dress or suit can be no longer monotonous if it is touched up with this dramatic note. Pretty, colorsome ones come square, oblong, large and small, all equally versatile. Tie a thin one in an artist's bow at the neckline of your shirt collar; looks soft and feminine, too, over your waistkit or a jumper dress. Band a square one around your head and tie it under your back hair — it's newer than the velvet bandeau of last year! A large one worn inside the cardigan jacket of your suit has fresh interest when you let one edge of the square cover over the buttons. Your hankie should match.

YEAR BOOK REFUNDS

Students wishing refunds of money paid for Year Books must apply to the Students' Union offices for same not later than Tuesday, Oct. 31.

October 31st

is the last pay-off date for the

## BOOK EXCHANGE

Get your money ANY AFTERNOON before that date  
from the S.C.M. Office, Arts 156

## Theatre Directory

DREAMLAND — Thurs.-Sat., "Chip of the Old Block," also "Hail to the Ranger." Mon.-Wed., "Cover Girl," also "One Dangerous Night."

EMPRESS — Fri.-Mon., "Swinging in the Saddle," also "Whispering Footsteps." Tues.-Thurs., "Crook's Tour," also "The Girl Who Dared."

GARNEAU — Thurs.-Sat., "It Happened Tomorrow," with Dick Powell and Linda Darnell, also "Someone to Remember." Mon.-Wed., "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," with Gary Cooper, and "None Shall Escape."

PRINCESS — Thurs., Fri., Sat., "Up in Mabel's Room," with Marjorie Reynolds, Dennis O'Keefe, Gail Patrick, also "Mug Town," with Dead End Kids and Little Tough Guys. Mon., Tues., Wed., "Higher and Higher," also "Sherlock Holmes in Washington."

RIALTO — Tues.-Mon., "Since You Went Away."

VARSCONA — Sat.-Tues., "Coney Island," also "Bambi." Wed.-Sat., "Slightly Dangerous," also "Two Tickets to London."

## The War and Us

### Rationing—Chinese Style

Prices—not points—are the basis for rationing in China. Because of the total lack of commodities, the method is ironically successful for when goods are procurable, prices loom like the lofty peaks of T'ai-shan, eliminating virtually everyone.

American advertised brands of coffee — if you can find them — cost 600 dollars a pound. China's century-old, life-sustaining staple, rice, sells at two dollars a pound, reducing countless millions to a single meal a day.

Reed sticks are crude substitutes for pencils, prohibitively priced at 10 dollars each, and the good earth for non-existent paper. A textbook, if available, is borrowed and reborowed.

The feel of soft silk stockings is a dim, dim memory with a pair now selling at 500 dollars. For 150 dollars you might be able to acquire a pair of crepe-soled, flat-heeled sneakers, but the inferior leather shoes squeak at 600 dollars. Fair exchange for a cotton handkerchief is 30 dollars; and cosmetics are invisible at 400 dollars for a tube of lipstick.

I'm not advocating that we all rush out and frantically buy Victory Bonds. Although I think that would be the best thing to do with the extra money we have left over from that summer job. But knowing that a great many of us depend yet on our parents for our education and extra money, I realize that Victory Bonds are impossible for many of us.

I do think, though, that we could

## Probie Plights

Patients in the University Hospital are now awakening at 6:25 to the delightful tones of "Sweet Adeline," being wafted across the air in croaking by our class vocalist. Only the privileged half of the class who sleep until 7:30, remain undisturbed. Surprising self-control has been displayed by those of us who rise at 5:45, while our calloused and snug roommates slumber blissfully. It has been discovered that the mildest and most satisfactory way to relieve one's feelings in this situation is to set the alarm at 6:30 (one hour early) and hide it under the radiator, or some other unsuspected place. The only disadvantage is that it takes time to think up a new hiding-place every morning. Incidentally, the writer wishes to advise late risers not to leave tooth paste and leg paint in proximity in a dark drawer. It has been tried and found that waterproof Elizabeth Arden is

rationing's done;  
You're sick of standing around in line,  
You're sick, you say—well, that's fine!

I'm sick of the sun and the blistering heat,  
I'm sick of the feel of my aching feet,  
I'm sick of the mud and the jungle flies,  
I'm sick of the stench where the night mists rise.

I'm sick of the siren's wailing shriek, weak,  
I'm sick of the sound of the bomber's dive,  
I'm sick of seeing the dead alive.

I'm sick of the roar and the noise and the din,  
I'm sick of the taste of food from a tin,

I'm sick of the slaughter . . . I'm sick to my soul,  
And I'm sick of playing this killing role.

But sicker still of the tyrant's rule, And conquered lands where wild beasts drool,  
And I'm cured damn quick when I think of the day When all this hell's over and out of the way.

When none of this mess will have been in vain,  
And the lights of the world will blaze again,  
And things will be as they were before,  
And kids will laugh in the streets once more.

Think it over, kids.

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a poor substitute for Ipana. All who witnessed the strip-tease in the third floor living room the other night were amazed and excited at the latent talent so suddenly exhibited by one of our classmate. We are constantly discovering what potentialities lurk in our midst! Accompaniment for the performance was provided by a pianist and two Orientals (?), who squatted in opposite corners and piped forth teasing tunes on tonettes. The mirth of the audience was conveyed to all corners of St. Steve's. As a result, great wrath was displayed by all who were forbidden entrance. The star of the evening will be glad to share her talents by giving lessons in the gentle art to any interested, in return for a large sum.

St. Steve's is gradually returning to normal, after a hair-tearing, teeth-grasping and floor-pacing week, in anticipation of the Waumeeta. Year books and telephone directories will never be the same, but they served their purpose nobly. The luck girls whose Dream Men hadn't changed their phone number from last year, and hadn't been nabbed early, gleefully departed in all their splendor, leaving the rest to seek consolation in the circulatory system. And in spite of the 12 o'clock deadline imposed on our belles, anyone who doubts the prowess of nurses is welcome to come and inspect the scalps which adorn many a wall in Steve's.

## Fashion DRESS SHOPPE

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# Features

## VOX STUDENTI

... by YEHUDI

Again, Yehudi is all worn out, but he's full of that Varsity Spirit, and still a feebly "Rah" emerges from his phagued pharynx at regular intervals. Ah life! It's just a series of week-ends with a few days rest between.

Needless to say, Yehudi was in the background last week-end. He went to the Pep Rally on Friday night presumably to get his cheering lungs in shape, but actually to see if he could find just one little co-ed who could see something but big, handsome, padded-shouldered men in green and gold rugby regalia. But oh, no! The girls who weren't already attached had such a green and white gleam of anticipation in their eyes that Yehudi just settled back to watch. During the snake dance, Yehudi hit upon the brilliant idea that he would be able to snag one of the campus chicks as she was flung across the grid. He managed to get hold of Barbara Bunn, but she was quickly snatched away by an indignant Quig. Likewise, Lois McPherson was wrested from his grip by Clive Bowlsby.

Yehudi was at the rugby game—on the 75 yard line, where he got a wonderful worm's eye view of the cheer leaders, a good look at the crowd, and, oh yes, an occasional look at the game. The game was one of the best, if a bit one-sided. With the return of Inter-collegiate sports, the Varsity spirit, which has been lying dormant for several years, has been aroused almost to its original strength. From his vantage point, Yehudi saw Dodie Yule and Don Harvie, Bob

Buckley and a lovely freshie, Ruth Cronkhite, Mary Weir and Johnny Skene, Bud Eggenberger and Margaret Towerton, and Joan Wilson and Bill Jackson.

The House Dance was the wind-up of our Saskatchewan week at Alberta (courtesy Paul Drouin), and it must have been a memorable occasion for the Saskatchewan boys. Who could forget such lovelies as Jean Smeltzer, Shirley Wilson, Sheila Mackintosh, Jean Kaiser, Terry McRae, and last but decidedly not least, Doris Tanner. But for many of our own Alberta students the evening was one to remember. In this category, Yehudi feels justified in placing Fran Wadell and Jack Penzer, Hermie and Bob Robertson, Dorothy Soby and Bob Lewis, Betty Kaiser and Gordie Proctor, Mike Streeper and Al (how does he do it?) Ross, Sheila McRae and Lloyd Grisdale.

Yehudi has found it very interesting of late to watch the beginnings of new flames and the rekindling of old. Mary Sterling and Alf Harper have become a very familiar campus couple. Strange the way Tuck date lead to Pep Rallies, Pep Rallies lead to rugby games, these lead to House Dances, which in turn lead to—who knows! Mary Wholey and Jim Metcalfe have become another classic couple, and it seems Morley Tanner has hung his pin on a pretty little lass from overtown.

And so it goes, more days—more classes, more classes—more acquaintances, more acquaintances—and more darts pins and rings.

## HOLD THAT BRAVE

Hello! . . . is this 44440? Is Maisie there, please, . . . hello, Maisie . . . It's Marge . . . just fine, Maisie, couldn't be better. No, I couldn't do them either, besides I'm trying to think of what to do about this Wauneta, or whatever they call it, that's com-

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## Campus Personalities

### — YOU SHOULD KNOW THEM —

(Certain perverted characters on The Orphan staff allege that I am gray and wrinkled from strain. This I will admit, but this department replies with a Bronx cheer. They are just jealous!)

The first Edmonton edition of the Plasteras family was off the press on the first of September, 1924, and continued publication in this fair city for nine years. Helen played house in the yard of McKay Avenue

school for a little over three years—when at the tender age of nine she was exiled to Saskatchewan; in particular, to Moose Jaw, then to Regina, where she has lived ever since. Helen relates a "normal, dull childhood," with a case history of chickenpox, measles, mumps and other childhood hazards such as climbing phone poles and flying off a new tricycle head-first into a garbage can. (This latter event actually happened!) Her little pigtailed enemy down the street was quite an infant virtuoso on the violin, so little Helen demanded violin lessons so that she might put one over on the brat. She practised, with hate in her eye, for several years (ten, in fact); but we gather that the matter was settled bloodlessly.

Helen's athletic prowess was practically nil at this point—she claims she can swim, but only in 10 Normal Saline, which occurs in nature at Manitou Beach near Regina. In high school, she really began publication, helping on the Central Collegiate "Perroquet," until she graduated as class valedictorian at the amazing age of 16 tender years. She couldn't bear to retire so soon from the newspaper business, so entered Balfour Tech to edit "The Balfourian," and incidentally take a business course. For a short time subsequently, Helen turned capitalist, as she worked for Imperial Oil.

Feeling the call of higher fields, Helen soon came to Varsity, and spent a year as joe-reporter on the G-way staff. Like most freshmen, she spent most of her first year working and didn't stick her neck out, understand it," she mumbles apologetically. She also joined the Women's Economics Club, marshalled material for the news page of The Gateway as News Editor, and directed a tag day for the Christmas Fund.

Helen, like all good little Commerce kids, becomes a wage slave every summer. Her freshman year was followed by a summer dumping out for the Department of Education in Regina. (That is what she says, anyhow.) This summer she worked for a hall insurance outfit—we

figure she must have counted hailstones and thereby calculated the damage per hailstone, but Helen denies using these simple business methods.

This year, The Gateway kid came into her own on the old college sheet. While editor Cormie breasted the waves of the Great Lakes on N.S. Noronic (Note to Proofreader: That is an "N"), Helen put out four issues practically single-handed as far as experienced help was concerned. Far into the night she poured over cuts, heads and stuff, beating her brains out over deadlines and waging constant bloody war with the print shop (as any good editor does). She fended off creditors with sweet smiles instead of brute strength (which is what they are accustomed to, judging by the collectors they send out). She browbeat the freshmen reporters in the time-honored editorial fashion, and, all in all, whipped out four issues which have been pronounced by those who know to be four of the best they've seen in a long time.

We hope that when Helen is teaching commercial subjects to giggling adolescents, that she may look back nostalgically to these peaceful (?) days. For that's what she intends to do—we mean, teach the pimply youths of the nation the rudiments of office practice, or, how-to-get-what-you-want-out-of-the-boss-without-making-a-sap-of-yourself 51.

Helen is a busy woman. In fact, that is an understatement. She dashes around all day like the girl-friend of the whirling dervish. To prove it, she says she borrowed a novel on registration day, read five thrilling pages, and hasn't had time to get any further. Besides being vice-president of the Commerce Club ("Small and Select"), she is watching the accounts as secretary-treasurer of the Women's Economics Club. We think she needs a stand-in.

Helen has few gripes. She loathes, particularly, the deadline—she hates it; it haunts her dreams, she says. (We might add that she mostly always makes it, which is more than this author does.)

Asked about the ideal, our victim for this week went into raptures during which she was heard to mumble, "tall, dark, and . . ." but coming back to earth like any practical damsel these days, she said, "Aw, heck there's a man shortage—can't afford to be fussy!"

\* \* \*

Then one day, a certain blue-eyed character in naval uniform wandered into The Gateway. Helen's eyes hung out on stalks for the usual short reaction time; then it hit her—Cormie, the Conference Kid, like Lassie, had come home. He was received by a muscular welcoming committee, and given the once-over with the office hose-pipe, principally for visiting his woman in Rockford, Illinois, when he should have been enlightening us dullards with his masterly editorials. Don's first words on regaining consciousness were "Yes, Helen," and he claims he has been mumble-mumble the same words ever since, but this department is doubtful as to how long this attitude will continue.

Don was born in town on July 24, 1922, and set out in early infancy in a covered wagon for the wilds of Jasper Place. He is the middle truant in a family of six, so you can see his upbringing was well-supervised. He astonished the local yokels by winning the "Athletic cup for combined sports in Jasper Place, including Spruce Grove." "That Spruce Grove is the rough part of the district," says Don. "They spike their toes and knuckles and can spit straight for 40 yards."

After this energetic infancy, he reached the so-called years of discretion and attended Victoria High, where he started his career by revising the constitution and generally raising Cain. A certain famous Math teacher had a rather low opinion of our Cormie, and constantly labored him about his mentality, much to the delight of the rest of the class. He next invaded Alberta College, ostensibly to take a business course, but really just to raise a couple of school dances, which were strictly verboten. This he did, however, and, according to Don, was practically expelled for it. His magnetic personality apparently got him through, however.

In the fall of 1940, he first set foot in these noble halls, taking Arts and Law, and joining absolutely no clubs like most freakish freshmen. He shone in history and zoology, but failed English. (He blushed furiously when we extracted this choice bit.)

In debating, Don always was a shining light (comes from a large family, y'know). He won the Young People's debating trophy for this city in his freshman year, and the Hugill Trophy with Betty Ritchie in his third year. He modestly shouts that he never lost a debate—but we cannot resist pointing out that he is still a single man.

His third year was distinguished chiefly by trust-busting, as the records for '42-'43 will show that the Outdoor Club, formerly a closed club, had its membership increased from 30 to 182, due to the efforts of Jane Stevenson and Lex Miller, who Cormie sat at the bottom of the affair.

That summer saw "The conference kid" in U.S.A. acquiring this epithet at—guess what!—the International Student Conference, a united nations gathering formerly held in Europe. Don was in his glory down there, and henceforth intends to do post-graduate study in international corporation law at U. of Michigan.

His fourth year saw Don's finger in many pies. We list them briefly:

(a) President of Debating, (b) Features Editor of The Gateway, (c) Swimming Club, (d) Outdoor Club, (e) Law Club, (f) Executive of Political Science Club, (g) Sergeant-Major in the C.O.T.C. He admits he was a little rushed last year!

His summers Don prefers to spend either at conferences, visiting brother Zates in the U.S., or at Banff Springs Hotel, where he worked previous summers. His movie camera bumps along behind him, and Don lures innocent damsels to his den by promises of contracts. (That is what we hear, anyhow.) Law cases take up most of his time; in fact, he mumbles constantly, "Haines vs. Carlson—decision passed to higher court, mutter, mutter . . .

A protracted lecture on girls, their habits and attitudes was enjoyed by your reporter. We know now that The Girl must be clever, intelligent, blonde, by bottle or by nature, and the preference seems to go to American girls. Apparently the wholesome Canadian product is bound by convention—this is what he told us, anyhow. So, gals, if Cormie dates you up, you'd better be ready for practically anything. As we've told our grandchilren t'other day, one never knows what a mad Zate will do next.

## Miss Cameron Addressess Club On Trois Pistoles

Tuesday, Oct. 17th, was a red-letter day in the annals of the Club Francais. At 7:30 in the Cafeteria, a new year of fun and entertainment was ushered in under President Alex Snowdon's direction. The "reunion amicale" opened with the singing of the national anthems, O Canada and La Marseillaise, in which all members joined. Mr. Snowdon then welcomed old and new "confreres" alike, and proceeded to explain the aim of the club.

Our motto: "N'ayez pas peur de parler Francais ici!"

Following a group of French songs, the "piece de resistance" was offered by Mlle J. M. Cameron, "Ma Visite à Trois Pistoles."

Trois Pistoles is a picturesque little town on the St. Lawrence, approximately 150 miles from Quebec City. The valley consists of rich agricultural land and abounds in maple trees. Its origin dates back to 1696. A few missionaries were canoeing down the river one day, when suddenly the embarkation capsized. One of the priests dropped the silver cup he held at the moment. "J'ai perdu trois pistoles," said he, and the name "Trois Pistoles" stuck.

Todays Trois Pistoles is known primarily for its summer school, where students from all over Canada meet for the sole purpose of learning to speak and to understand French. On the other hand, French-speaking students learn to converse in English at Trois Pistoles. Classes are held each morning at the convent. Conversation groups consisting of six English-speaking and six French-speaking students meet every afternoon.

Apparently Trois Pistoles is not synonymous with sheer hard work. Pleasant forms of relaxation are offered the students; these include a trip to Rimouski by bus as well as the good old-fashioned hay-rides, climaxied by the ever-popular feed of "chiens chauds" and coffee.

## Pharmacy Phumes

The Freshman class has increased beyond the wildest expectation—or so the text-book shortage indicates. Twenty-eight fledglings have come to rest—eighteen of the fairer sex and ten precious (?) men. Gives battle! And one of our maidens came from Penticton, B.C., to join in the fray because men were reportedly much in excess here. Better luck in Applied Science, Dot!

The Pharmacy Club officially welcomed the new crop on October 4 in Arts (number misplaced). Introduction of the following officers took place:

President Joe Tredger, Vice-President Gordon Graves, Sec. Treas. Betty Graham, Press Rep. Mary Wholey, Junior Rep. Isobelle Merrick, Gateway Correspondent Jean Macdonald, Fresh Rep., to be elected some fine lab. day.

Official welcomes were extended

by Dr. Matthews and Dr. Hewston.

Dr. Matthews introduced Mr. Warner on the Council of the Canadian Pharmaceutical Association, who welcomed the Freshman class, and Mr. Sprague, representative of Retail Druggists' Association. Mr. Sprague elaborated on some novel though not quite legitimate uses of drugs in the good old days of residences.

Thursday, October 14, was the time—the Outdoor Club the setting—the object, when the Packers gathered for a hike.

Groves was so concerned about well, who knows what—that the keys (the one set of keys to the Cabin) were left in his "other jacket which is at home." So half the hike sat on the steps of Arts and waited for Groves.

Finally, everybody was approximately in proximity—or something like it. A huge bonfire inside, a comfortable chair by the fireplace displayed the agility of the girls. Nancy sure could wield that one!

Ah! what a life! To be a strong male to sit by calmly and watch la femme (took Latin myself) tote wood, chop weeds, make fires. That couldn't be a squirm, or could it?

Dr. Matthews and Dr. Hewston assumed the role of water boys. Confidentially, we believe that they got lost on the way. But when they returned, we pretended that no one noticed when they returned.

The 95 per cent had to be left at home—they keep it locked up this year. Dr. Matthews compensated with a luscious brew, coffee. Have faith, little Freshie—in three years we, too, shall be cooking coffee skilfully.

The get-acquainted was declared a huge success. Ask Kinon if he wasn't well established with the six (three on each arm—note E.S.S.) girls who escorted him to the very doors of St. Joe's.

Thus was the first affair of the Pharmacy Club concluded.

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## Schedule For CKUA Programs Listed Here

### Keep This for Future Reference

CKUA invites you to listen to:

Monday  
12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.  
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.  
6:30—Chimney Corner.  
6:45—Curtain Going Up.  
7:00—Musical Hour.  
8:15—Life of General Smuts.  
8:30—French Adult Education.  
9:00—Evening Music.  
9:15—Farm and Home.

Tuesday  
12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.  
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.  
6:30—Men of Music.  
7:00—Musical Hour.  
8:15—Behind the Headlines.  
8:30—Victory Loan Broadcast.  
9:00—TBA, CBC.  
9:15—TBA, CBC.

Wednesday  
12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.  
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.  
6:30—Chimney Corner.  
6:45—Treasure Trove.  
7:00—Musical Hour.  
8:15—World of Science.  
8:30—Theatre Time.  
9:00—Tenor and Baritone.  
9:15—Farm and Home.

Thursday  
12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.  
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.  
6:30—Gateway News.  
7:00—Musical Hour.  
8:15—Credit Unions.  
9:00—Drama.  
9:15—Drama.

Friday  
12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.  
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.  
6:30—Chimney Corner.  
7:00—Musical Hour.  
8:15—Education for Tomorrow.  
9:00—Tenor and Baritone.  
9:15—Farm and Home.

Saturday  
12:00—News.  
12:30—Opera Broadcast.  
3:00—Philharmonic Symphony.

Sunday  
12:00—News.  
1:00—N.Y. Philharmonic.

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## THE WAILING WALL

by **zadoc**

### The Babes in the Wood.

A long time ago there lived a rich man and his wife who had two dear little children, a boy and a girl. The little boy was only three years old and the little girl was just two. So they were called the Babes.

They lived in a big house with a lovely garden. They had fine clothes to wear, and plenty to eat and drink. The Babes were very happy, and their kind father and mother loved them dearly. Sometimes their uncle came to see them, and he would play with the children.

One day the father and mother were ill. They had to lie in bed, and they did not get better. Soon they knew that they were dying, and they were very sad.

"Who will look after our dear babes when we are dead?" said the mother. "I will send for their uncle," said the father.

The uncle came to the house. "Dear brother," said the father, "our poor little children will soon have no father and mother. Will you look after them for us when we are dead?"

"Be sure that I will," said the uncle. "I will be as kind to them as if they were my own."

"My land and money are theirs," said the father. "Will you take care of it for them?" "I will do it!" said the uncle. "May God punish me if I do not keep these babes safe and happy."

The father and mother were very glad. They thanked the uncle. Before long they died. Then the uncle took the children to his own home. He was very kind to them, for he meant to keep his word. But by bad luck the uncle lost some of his own money. He began to wish for the children's money.

"If they died, it would all be mine," he said to himself.

After a while, he made up his mind that the children must die. So he sent for two robbers and asked them to kill the babes. "I will give you each a bag of gold," he said. The robbers said that they would do what he wished. "I will bring the Babes to you in the wood," said the uncle. "You must be on horseback, and you can say that you will give them a ride."

Then take them into the wood and kill them, and I will give you the gold."

Then the uncle went to the Babes, and told them that he would take them to the wood. They would find some birds' nests there and see the rabbits. The Babes were full of joy, and they went with him gladly. The two robbers were waiting in the wood on their horses.

"Would you like us to give you a ride?" they said to the children.

"Oh, yes!" cried the little ones, "if our uncle will let us."

"Yes, you may go with these kind men," said the uncle.

So the robbers lifted the little boy and girl on to their horses and let them sit in front. The children loved to be on horseback. They were so sweet and good that the robbers felt sorry for them. "One of the robbers said to the other, "We cannot do such a wicked deed." But the other said, "We must do it! Do not forget that we shall each have a bag of gold!"

"I do not want the gold," said the first robber. "I will not kill them." "Then I will," said the second robber. The two men began to fight, and the kind robber killed the cruel one. But he dared not take the Babes back to their uncle, and he dared not keep them.

"Stay here," he said. "I will bring you some food." Then he left them. He did not mean to come back. He hoped that they would find their way out of the wood. The Babes waited for him, but he did not come back. Then they had to look for food, for they were so hungry. They could only find a few berries to eat. They walked a long, long way, and they were very tired. They were lost in the wood, and they had to sleep there. All next day they tried to find their way out of the wood. But they were lost, and very tired, and faint with hunger.

At last they did not wake up again, for they had died in their sleep. Then the robins came and covered the poor little Babes with leaves.

The story was made into an old ballad. Do you know what a ballad is? It is a story told in verse.

## SLIDE-RULE SLANTS ::

"Another earthquake!" gasped the country's leading geologists, as they stared in amazement at the seismographic waves appearing on their charts all over the country . . . "Originating in Edmonton!" Closer calculation pin-pointed the disturbance as coming from Room 142 in the Med Building. Again you have guessed it, you clever people! The Engineers were having another meeting, and this time had installed a public address system to entertain the audience with boogie-woogie while waiting for the speakers to appear. The savage rhythm caught on, and soon the old room was rocking and swaying eight to the bar as the Engineers stomped their dainty feet and beat their neighbors over the head in time to the music. Soon, through the cloud of paper darts that filled the air (built from new edition of Gateway on latest aerodynamic principles), it was seen with difficulty that the speakers were coming into the room. A deathly hush settled over the place as the eminent engineers from the east pried themselves into seats by means of oversize shoehorns.

A short business meeting followed, during which it was decided that the E.S.S. should buy a one hundred and fifty dollar war bond, the Webb Memorial Student Paper Competition was explained, and the Freshman Representative on the E.S.S. was elected in the person of Virginia Webb. (Those E.S.S. executive meetings should perk up considerably! Yum! Yum!)

Excellent addresses were given by Dr. Gaspe Beaubien, C.B.E., M.E.I.C., of Montreal, President of the Engineering Institute of Canada; R. E. Heartz of Montreal, Chairman of the E.I.C. Committee on Employment Conditions; and Dr. L. Austin Wright, of Mon-

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Flash! The Engineers' Ball this year will again have a Queen! Who will she be? How will she be chosen? Tune in your local Slide Rule Slants for latest developments. That is all!

Wanted—Coach for Chesterfield Rugby! Applications accepted at Gateway office.

Prison Dentist: "Which tooth is aching?"  
Aggie Inmate: "Find it yourself! D'ya think I'd rat on me own tooth!"

Dear Dorothy Dix:  
Should a father of fifty marry again?  
Dear Sir:  
No! You've had enough now!

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! A new policy regarding Slide Rule Slants is about to start. Each division of each year of engineering (including a Ladies' Division) is going to write said column in turn. This should give a much better representation than the present policy. How about looking around you right now to find out who is handy with the shovel and start preparing for your turn.

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# GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

## Interfac Rugby at Grid, Tues., 4:00 p.m.

### Med-Pharm-Dents Will Meet Combined Arts-Ag-Com-Ed in Sudden Death Game

Engineers Ousted by Med-Dents in Last Game; A-A-C-E in Stretch Drive Gain Playoffs

#### A-A-C-E Show Reversal, Beating Med-Dents 9-6

By Reed Shields

Meds repeated their performance of Tuesday's game by handing a badly depleted A-A-C-E team the worst drubbing of the season (Saskatchewan excepted). Nori Nishio, temporarily released from the Golden Bears, put real spark into the Med-Dents, completed five passes to Fletcher, and casually booted the converts after the touchdowns.

The Ags-Arts-Com-Ed, suffering the loss of three backfielders, were badly disorganized until the last quarter, when Del Steed proved to be a definite threat to the Med-Dents, scoring repeated gains on spectacular runs. With only minutes to go and on the five-yard line, fumbles robbed the A-A-C-E of a chance to get into scoring roles.

In the first quarter, McKinnon rouged Mark Grant. Moose Miller walked over the line for a touchdown. R. MacDonald added a second touch in the following quarter, with Nishio placidly kicking all converts.

The second half featured Nishio to Fletcher passes, with Fletcher scoring, while Maurice Lamoureux and Del Steed organized the A-A-C-E attack that threatened but failed.

field goal, to make the score 3-0 for Ags.

In the second quarter the Meds pushed down to Ags six yard line, but were stopped solidly for downs and the ball. There was no score in this quarter.

By this time the Meds began to see defeat looming, so sharpening up a little, they pushed the Aggies back until a Nishio to Fletcher pass put them in position for a touchdown. So the Meds handed the ball to Moose Miller, who promptly and efficiently skidded through for five golden points. Not to be denied every possible point, Nishio kicked the convert, to make the score 6-3 for the Meds.

Going into the "Soon I'll be Leaving You, so Here's One Last Kick" quarter, the Aggies unleashed Kasting in a drive toward paydirt that would not be denied. Kasting carried the parcel around right end for a touchdown, which Christie converter, to make the score 9-6 for the Ags.

That was the game, so far as your wandering reporter could make out. Any errors or exceptions should be reported to the police, who, I am sure, will see justice done.

For the Ags, Kasting was the stand-out, receiving able help from Herb Christie, Del Steed and, in fact, from a whole fighting team. For the Meds, Miller, Nishio and Fletcher took honors. We are sure that Fletcher's sleeper plays, even if he were sleeping, were much appreciated, even if they didn't work.

Lineups:  
Arts-Ag-Com-Law—Harries, Grant, Zinter, Lamoureux.  
Med-Pharm-Dent—Fletcher, Miller, MacDonald, Ashford, Harris, Dereynuk, Lappa, MacKinnon, MacDonald, James, Nattress, Guld, Marshall, Nishio, and Boileau.

#### LEAGUE STANDING

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Arts-Ag-Com-Law	4 2 2 4
Engineers	3 1 2 2

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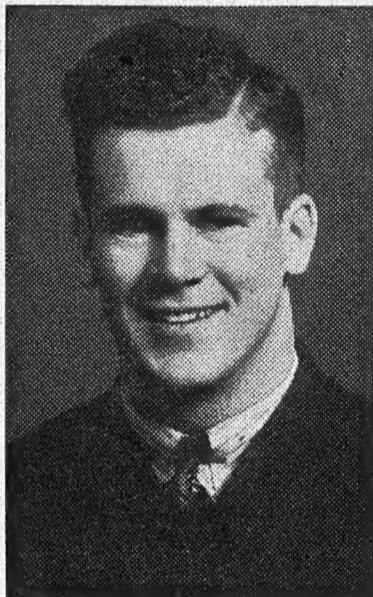
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All girls interested, please note that senior practices are on at 6:00 p.m. Wednesdays, and 1 to 3 p.m. Saturday afternoons, at the Drill Hall. The gals, under the able coaching of Tommy McClockin, have been turning out, and the future looks promising. The more the merrier, etc., so if you are eligible at all, proceed down to the Drill Hall and make this year bigger and better than before.

#### KICKS 2 FIELD GOALS



BRUCE MACKAY

### What's The Score?

By Bill Clark

The Hardy cup is on its way to Alberta, we think. Everyone looks for a close battle at Griffith Stadium in Saskatoon on Saturday, but the thirty-three point lead will be almost impossible to overcome.

The Bears had a great team on Saturday. An unbeatable team! They have one of the greatest ground teams we've ever seen in Alberta. The line, led by Art Follett, Ken Nickerson, Jim Metcalfe and Joe Fraser, crashed through to the Husky back field time after time. And almost every time a hole was opened up, a Green and Gold backfielder charged through.

Tommy Hayes and Percy Daigle have given the U. of A. a well-balanced, smooth working team. Jack Jorgens and Bob Robertson, managing the football organization, have worked tirelessly, clearing away hundreds of obstacles and making as many plans for the complete success of the rugby season. Clive Bowlsby, Golden Bear trainer, has taken great pains to ensure that the condition of the men stays at its highest peak. Only one injury, to Gordie Proctor, has marred the season. Gordie's injured shoulder has kept him out of heavy action for the last game or so, but he gets into the fight each time long enough to prove that he's a solid Golden Bear worthy of the name.

Special thanks go to Frank Quigley and Bruce Allsopp for their handling of the P.A. system. Ernie Cudby gave the fans the best cheer-leading in recent years.

There isn't much more to be said until the results of Saturday's game are known. The team, and Tommy Hayes, are optimistic about the final score. 'Twould be nice to see the Hardy trophy resting in the Arts rotunda on Monday morning.

President of Basketball for the coming season will be Del Steed, who starred the past two years in Interfaculty and Senior Golden Bear basketball circles. His election has been well received by all who know his ability. He has already made arrangements for a banner year, and next week's Gateway will carry the news of the proposed basketball set-up.

### Fencing Club Holds Meets Thur. at 8:00

At Drill Hall

Last Thursday, the Fencing Club held its first meeting of the season. It now has the biggest membership since 1938, twenty-five students in all turning out. The men were outnumbered three to one by the women. The enthusiasm of the club is so marked that plans have been made to sponsor a Saturday night House Dance, and to hold other functions.

Coaches Aubrey Olson and Frank Wetterberg gave an exciting demonstration of sword-play. The gleaming blades seemed to have stirred the Amazons to action, and they really pitched into their first lesson. The boys heaved with esprit gallant, and we're quite convinced the only way to settle an argument was with foils—carrying blunted ends, of course. Because of the size of the membership, two coaches are being used this year to give as much attention as possible to each member.

It is not too late to turn out and join the club, as the instruction has just started. In any case, anyone is perfectly welcome to attend our workouts and see for themselves.

The time and place: Thursday night, 8 p.m., Drill Hall.

### Education Club Is Jinxed on 13th At Outdoor Cabin

The Education Club held the first event of the year on the evening of Friday, Oct. 13. Appropriately enough, it took the form of a jinx party. Members who met at the temporary bridge were met by ghostly figures in white, and with a warning of "do not speak" to anyone, were conducted under a ladder and then up the ladder into St. Joe's. When all had been assembled everyone proceeded across country to the Outdoor Cabin. The night was dark and many were the muttered imprecations brought out by scratched legs, barked shins and severe jolts from stepping into places which should have been there and weren't, or vice versa.

Everyone wore a representation of some jinx or good luck omen, and in a contest of who had the best one, Anne Semak emerged victorious, only to have any hopes for the next seven years blasted by breaking a mirror. Games were followed by a sing-song around the bonfire, with Lawrie Fisher initiating the new members into the weird litanies of the school marm. The sing-song was still going lustily when eats arrived, and for a while the chomping of many teeth was broken by the occasional wail as someone's overdone hot-dog fell into the flames. After smelling salts and aspirins (in graduated doses according to age

### Aquacade, Under Bob Kasting, Earns Increasing Popularity

By Bill Lindsay

My eyes were glued on the concrete wall as I watched the water creep up inch by inch. Slowly it came nearer, nearer, and still nearer. Then they threw me in. The icy water closed around my head as I gasped for breath. Through the vanishing scene I saw my roommate grinning at me after dousing me with a glass of cold water.

I awoke to realize that I had just dreamed that the Swimming Club had become so popular that the University had built its own pool, like the U. of S. did, and I was the first one in it. After studying my psych' text, I decided this dream had been motivated by the popularity of the Swimming Club last Thursday, as evidenced by 100 in the drink.

It is not too late to join the most popular club on the campus, as memberships are not rationed. New members are welcome as long as they bring a medical certificate from the Infirmary and turn up at 8:45 p.m. at the Y.W.C.A. on Thursdays.

It is rumored that some Joe tried to take a movie of our activities last Thursday, but the camera sank under the load of so many varied scenes. In any case, everyone seemed to be having a good time, even those who couldn't swim. To me the minute-hand of the clock appeared to be caught in a whirlpool, the time flew so fast. Then we were dressed and leaving, after throwing an envious glance at the inviting water, contentedly smoothing its surface for the night.

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